

bathwater by cupidintern

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Aftercare, Bathing/Washing, Intimacy, M/M, like they just had rough sex and this is a fic only abt the aftercare, so idk how to tag that!

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Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

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Summary:

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bathwater

In the broad light of day, if you asked Steve if he thought he could pick Billy Hargrove up, he'd say no, didn't you know that guy was like solid muscle?

“And Hargrove'd bite my hand off just for trying.”

Billy has actually bit him though, just never on the hand. And never because he disliked something. Quite the opposite.

But late at night- Jesus, maybe 2am?- in his room, he managed it. Picking Billy up. He didn't even think much about it. Just slid out of bed when he caught his breath and grabbed Billy up out of bed to drag to the bathroom. Because Steve, midwestern sweetheart that he is, has been hardwired to be polite at all times. And he figures it's polite to draw someone a bath after fucking them til the only words they know are your name, ‘fuck,’ and ‘please’.

Where the everywhere of Steve's room was unbearably warm- had been heating up since before midnight- Steve's bathroom was cold. The tile beneath Steve's knees was freezing when he knelt beside the bathtub to turn the faucet, made sure the water was warm before he pulled Billy the rest of the way to it. Sort of made Steve shiver. But that might just been aftershock still stirring up his stomach. Billy always teased him for getting twitchy.

Steve could have just sat and waited probably. For the water to flow over Billy's feverishly warm skin for long enough that the sleepy, glazed-over look in his eyes went away. But while Billy found his way back, Steve wanted to be there for every step of it. He sat on the edge of the tub to smooth Billy's hair away from his face, neck, freeing the strands that had gotten plastered to his skin with sweat. Steve smoothed Billy's shoulders a bit too, just running gentle hands over his skin, watching Billy breathe deeper, resurface, little by little.

Then Steve slid back onto the cold floor. Wanted to be on Billy's level.

Steve could feel the skin of his arm getting dewy with steam from

where he had it rested on the edge of the tub. It was more filled up now, he should turn it off soon. He dipped his fingertips into the water a little, feeling the surface tension wobble against his skin. He should probably shower at some point. But he couldn't bring himself to tear his gaze away from where the water lapped at lines of Billy's ribs under his golden skin. The water might have glowed with it. Purple and pink and blue and even yellow tinged welts adorned Billy's neck and chest like the dark spots on the sun.

Steve leaned his chin on the tub's edge next to his hand, looked up at Billy, so regal in the warm light, the warm water.

Billy looked more present now, breathing even, light tension back in his body. He looked over at Steve, smiled like he couldn't help himself, and sat up more.

The clean, clear sound of movement in water echoed around the walls of the tub itself, isolated in their space, as Billy lifted his hand to touch Steve's cheek, sliding wet fingertips across his cheekbone, down across Steve's lip. Steve felt warm bathwater drip over his bottom lip to his chin. He kissed Billy's fingertips.

Billy smiled.

"Hey," Steve said softly.

"Hey yourself," Billy mumbled.

"You okay?"

"Obviously." Billy's voice kicked up, with just a slight grate to it. "I'm in a bathtub. I ever tell you how much I fucking love baths?"

Steve laughed a little. "Cause they're just small pools?"

"You get it." Billy tapped a finger against Steve's cheek before leaning back into the tub. "And yeah. I'm okay."

"Okay." Steve kissed the inside of Billy's palm before letting him pull both their hands back to the warm water.